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to marital obedience, and promised to eradicate the cause of her grief by an argumentative lecture to the contumacious Bernard. At this juncture the arrival of the neighbors, bringing tidings of Bernard's novel conduct, and the testimony of eye witnesses of the work of destruction, turned the balance of justice to the favor of the matron's inclination. A man may starve himself and family in the baking of crockery, according to the reasoning of the worthy provost, without suspicion of lunacy; but to immolate oaken chairs and tables to the work of pottery could exhibit nothing short of downright and incurable insanity. In accordance with this judicial opinion, Bernard Palissy was ordained to be a dangerous personage, with destructive forces threatening the right of property, and the officers of the court were commanded to effect his apprehension as a demented being.

Dame Palissy thankfully received the enunciation of the decree, which was to rid her of the encumbrance of a wretched existence, and urging the precipitate departure of the Provost's subordinates, started off to revisit the desolated hearthside, followed by a crowd of curiosity-hunters commingled with the rabble of the commune.

From the moment when the enraged matron and the attendant *huissier* invaded the sanctuary of Palissy's labor, he was assailed by the dame with full virulence of vindictive spleen. The potter paid little or no attention to the entry of the crowd, but calmly and deliberately extinguished the dying embers of his furnace, and prepared to unbar its massive, hermetically sealed doors. Animated by the presumptive success of his most ambitious aspirations, he worked noiselessly and vigorously, while a cold sweat stood upon his forehead.

"Bernard Palissy," quoth the *huissier*, "our worthy provost has ordained thy arrest, as a madman, and charges thy instant custody."

"Madman!" vehemently responded the artisan, "is such the judgment of the world and of thy master?"

"Even so, Master Bernard," meekly replied the official. "It hath been decreed upon the evidence of thy wife and thy neighbors."

"Behold, then, the work of a madman!" proudly rejoined Palissy, as he advanced to the mouth of the oven and drew forth the first of those grotesque and gorgeous

pieces of pottery which he alone, of living men at that period, was able to fabricate.

The crowd gathered around to gaze upon the curiously wrought vase, upon whose enamelled surfaces were grouped, with strange and wondrous effect, birds of the air, flowers of the earth, and animals of the field, all displayed with surprisingly natural accuracy of color and delineation.

Each beholder murmured forth his approbation, and even Dame Palissy stifled for a moment the feeling of resentment she ever evinced against her husband's habitual indulgence in the potter's art, and momentarily rejoiced at the complete triumph of his perseverance and skill.

Bernard Palissy contemplated the work of his sixteen years' arduous experience, and then, turning to the admiring group, he smiled upon them with an expression of contemptuous pity.

"Madman," he murmured, almost inaudibly, "indeed am I, to toil and labor for an ignorant herd, who know not the true value, the honest dignity of physical toil. Rather would they be the lilies of Solomon, fattening in indolence on the wages of sin, than toil for the honors of Hercules."

Then a sudden flush passed over the features of the potter; his eyes rolled wildly; his entire frame shook in convulsions, and he dropped listlessly upon some fragments of unused timber. The excitement and the enthusiasm which had buoyed him up during his prolonged struggle, abruptly deserted him in the hour of triumph, and Bernard was for the moment smitten by a violent fever on the brain.

While hundreds of the curious thronged the potter's workshop to view the marvellous creation of his art, the maker of that work lay upon his humble pallet, nursed by a sympathizing neighbor, for Bernard was wifeless and almost childless.

In answer to the supplications of the suffering man, tender-hearted visitors had vainly sought for tidings of both Dame Palissy and her daughter, who had mysteriously disappeared previously to the close of the Festival of Roses.

"O Lord!" solemnly ejaculated the potter, as, after weeks of illness, he recovered strength sufficient to shoulder his walking-staff, "give me but strength to seek my erring child. Oh, Madeline! light of my soul, why hast thou rendered me childless."

With these words the Potter started upon his pilgrimage, in search of wife and child.

[To be concluded in next Number.]

THE "TWIN ARTS."

SCULPTURE and Painting are generally classed together as equals, and great artists, in each department, are given nearly the same comparative position. If both departments are "Fine Arts," and if many good sculptors are also good painters, there still are great and radical differences in the principles of the really two professions. The sculptor deals in figure—the human frame forming the chief subject of his chisel. To its study, therefore, must he devote his best powers. The anatomy of the body is his highway to success. Once initiated in the mysteries of the body, he begins the work of copying—not with the hues of a well-stored pallet, but with a chisel and block of marble. These are all his means, and with these must he attain his ends. The painter is no "slave to such a circumstance." He flies in the face of all nature with his brushes; his subjects are everywhere, everything; his taste is trained to no galling harness; but with hues, rich and rare as those in the keeping of the flowers, and light and shade for assistants, he enters at once upon his pleasing studies, and accomplishment readily comes out of his dreams. At the patient toil of the sculptor over his mud model—at the later processes, merely mechanical, by which a statue is brought to the light—he laughs, and shows in bold relief the multitudinous figures of man and beast, the fields and woods, the seas and rivers, the mountains and valleys, the skies, and the universe beyond, of his own glaring canvas. The sculptor deals with one; the painter with many. The one has only clay and marble for his companionship; the other has all the beauty and richness of form and color of a profuse creation. One depicts one passion, one feeling; the other portrays many passions, many feelings, many languages. So widely separated are the two apparently twin professions. Of the comparative dignity and excellence of the labors of each we shall not speak, as no brief exposition could deal fittingly with such a subject. We have simply named the salient points and diversities which distinguish the labors of the two artists, in order to suggest to many minds the impropriety of classing the twain as one and the same. They are "twin arts" only as they are allied to the Ideal—to the Real, they are professions distinguished by radical differences.